

Sick Boii by prettyboiiharrington

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Summary:

anonymous — Omega Billy having a cold and Steve being a good alpha by doing everything he can to make sure he gets better. Billy thinks he's over doing it a little, but still appreciates it.

Sick Boii

“You should be in bed,” Steve sighs, walking close enough to Billy that their shoulders touch. He’s always touching Billy somehow, it gives them both the reassurance they need, Billy, always so scared, and Steve, always so lonely.

“It’s just a cold, calm down,” Billy rolls his eyes, but you can hear the fondness in his voice. He loves how much Steve cares, even if it’s hard to accept sometimes.

They both know it’s a lie, him having a cold. Billy’s really ill, he threw up twice when he stayed at Steve’s house last night. Sure, he’s not poorly enough that he’s dying, but it’s enough to make Steve concerned. Billy’s used to casual suffering, so it doesn’t bother him that much, he just hates that Steve is upset because of him, even if he isn’t exactly at fault.

He knows he smells bad, sickness always sours someone’s scent, permeates the air and makes everyone scrunch their nose and take a few steps back. Self-preservation is a very prevalent instinct, especially in Hawkins for whatever fucking reason. He doesn’t care, because Steve hasn’t moved away from him and he’s kind of the only person Billy actually likes. Steve smells himself anyways, his concern and stress thick enough to choke on.

“Seriously, it’s not like your grades need it, just go home,” Steve reaches for Billy’s hand, unsure if he’ll accept it. His level of affection changes based on how scared he is on any given day, but no one at school is dumb enough to say anything anymore, so he doesn’t feel like he has to hide, even if some people silently look down on him for choosing an alpha that’s just some washed up ex-king of Hawkins High; as if their fucking opinions matter.

Billy winces for a second, his knuckles and palms still cut up from when Neil had beat him in the driveway last week; he’s getting more bold, and that scares him shitless. Despite the pain, he takes the hand he’s offered and intertwines their fingers. He needs the comfort and he’s just now realizing that his body craves the warmth.

His shoulders slump and he sighs. Steve knows the signs, hates how the life drains out of Billy when he has to talk about him. “If I miss anymore school, Neil’s gonna kill me. Doesn’t matter what my grades are. He thinks I’m a slacker, that I don’t give a shit,” they both know it’s not true, Steve has seen Billy work his ass off, because the better he does in school the better his future looks, and it helps with his escape plan.

He’s dead set on being independent, won’t let Steve pay for his way out, even though they both know they’re in this for the long haul. Billy won’t be accused or guilty of using Steve. He loves him, he’s going to be damn sure he never takes advantage of him.

Steve doesn’t comment, just moves on. He hopes to relight that spark in Billy, for that arrogant sense of humor to work its way back into the conversation so that they both know he’s okay, even if it’s just for now.

“At least take my jacket,” Steve sighs, taking it off and draping it over Billy’s shoulder before he has a chance to argue. Billy shakes his head, but him relaxing into the comfort that’s offered doesn’t go unnoticed. He quickly finds Steve’s hand again.

“Why?? Marking your territory so no one takes advantage of your poor defenseless omega ??” he teases, but is cut off by a small coughing fit. Steve doesn’t have to say ‘serves you right’ for Billy to know what he’s thinking.

“No, *asshole*. It’s ‘cause you’re shivering,” Steve nudges him, squeezes his hand affectionately, a silent promise that he’s not going anywhere. Billy needs that comfort at least twice a day for the restless panic in him to settle.

“Huh, would you look at that,” Billy’s so used to putting up with shit that Steve actually has to tell him he’s trembling and cold for him to even notice. He would think about how fucked up that is if he wasn’t feeling so miserable.

They end up outside of Billy’s English class. He’s always there a bit early, packs his bag for the morning at the end of every school day so he doesn’t have to deal with the crowds at the lockers.

They sit on the ground and Billy's leaning on him, moving Steve's arm so that it's wrapped around his waist, before Steve even has time to move their bags out of the way. He melts into his embrace, groans as a headache overtakes him. He hides his face in Steve's neck.

"At least come to my place after school," Steve pleads and Billy groans. They both know Neil won't notice he's gone unless Max needs something or he's in a really shitty mood, probably be more pissed if Billy comes home and risks getting everyone else sick, even though he's pretty sure he got it from Neil himself. That's not the point though. It's not fair to make Steve put up with him while he's all gross and miserable.

"I can take care of myself Harrington, I'm a big boy," but Billy wants nothing more than to do that, even if it's only to appease Steve, who seems to be handling him being sick even worse than Billy is himself, and he had to pull over the Camaro to vomit on his way to school this morning.

"For once, can you just let me look after you??" Steve looks so earnest, all big puppy dog eyes, and Billy realizes two things : one — he is no longer able to tell Steve 'no', two — if they ever have children with those big dreamy eyes, he's screwed. An entire army of cute little Harringtons will be his demise.

"Alright Stevie, but only because you look pathetic right now, and I feel bad for you," Steve scoffs, knows that Billy is full of more shit than a Christmas goose. He smiles, knowing that Billy will be safe and well taken care of under his watchful eye. He tries not to think about how fifteen minutes from now he'll have to leave his side.

"You think I'm adorable."

"Yeah, I do," Billy murmurs, eyes closed as he takes a deep breath through his mouth, nose too stuffed up to be able to get any air in comfortably. Steve playfully feels Billy's forehead, knowing he must be seriously messed up to admit defeat that easily. Billy bats his hand away, but not before Steve feels how hot his skin is. He's unable to stifle a whine as concern overwhelms him once again.

"Come on *alpha*, don't worry. I'm fine. I've got you to take care of me

after all," Billy kisses the bit of exposed skin at his neck, nuzzles against it for a moment, and then relaxes again. Steve nods confidently. He'll do whatever it takes to make Billy feel better.

He doesn't even regret it when he's sick himself a week later.